

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Oh! What shall I do with papa?  
I've talked till enough has been said,  
I've talked and I've preached to the man;  
And, really, it's tired my head.

He looks into all open drawers,  
And rummages over my high shelf.  
I scold him, but what is the use?  
He isn't ashamed of himself.

There's never a day but he asks:  
"Put what you are making for me?"  
There isn't a thing in the house  
That he isn't anxious to see.

Mamma says he does it in sport;  
My mother thinks he should be so;  
I don't think he should be so;  
But I can't get him down on his knees.

For six weeks, and more, I have tried  
To finish a beautiful pair  
Of slippers I'm making for him;  
But they are a trouble and care.

And I'm making the loveliest rack,  
To keep all his newspapers in;  
But when I am settled down,  
And my work I fairly begin,

I hear his voice somewhere, down stairs.  
He asks: "What's become of the child?"  
And if I don't turn my door key  
He comes in and sets me so wild!

He goes to the bank every day;  
But is home at a little past three.  
Of course, for the rest of the day,  
From all kinds of work he is free.

And then he goes staring around,  
To that he was always inclined;  
And mamma, to tell the plain truth,  
Don't know how to teach him to mind.

She speaks in the sweetest of tones;  
And bids him be quiet and be good;  
She says: "Now don't bother the child."  
But he laughs and says: "Oh, indeed!"

Sometimes he pretends that he reads;  
But over his paper he peeps.  
I think he is always awake;  
For no one can tell when he sleeps.

Well, a man will never give heed  
To a woman's wholesome advice.  
If I were the owner of one,  
I never would speak to him twice.

And I'm very sure I would cure  
All his prying, bothering ways;  
Or he'd go to the bank and stay  
Until after the holidays.

For my mother I'm making a scarf—  
An elegant, cardinal red.  
I work at it all my spare time;  
But never a word has she said.

To show that she even suspects  
I am making something for her.  
She glances in and out of the room;  
I sit where I am; I don't stir.

Why should I when she's so polite?  
She never is looking at me,  
Or troubling herself to find out  
How much of my work she can see.

O, papa! do shut up your eyes!  
But, then, I don't know as you can;  
And mamma declares, with a smile,  
That you are a wide-awake man.

But you are so kind and so good;  
And I have been talking for fun.  
Why, you're the best man I have seen.  
The very best under the sun.

The things I am making for you!  
You'll have them at Christmas you'll see.  
I haven't the faintest idea  
What you will be giving to me.

And I am not going to ask:  
I know they'll be lovely and new.  
And oh! they'll be precious to me,  
For they'll be from you.

—Rosalie Vandewater, in N. Y. Independent.

### TEASING.

#### Two Serious Results of the Practice of a Very Dangerous Habit.

John Willis was born a tease. Some boys are. He had no distinct intention of being cruel, but he did take a vicious sort of pleasure in hearing the girls scream and say "Don't!" If they cried a little it rather added to his enjoyment.

His cousin Kate was a strong, merry, romping girl, who was a good comrade for him in most of his expeditions. She usually met his chaffing with good nature, and did not care for his little practical jokes. But Kate had one weakness; she was afraid of snakes. John could never understand how an innocent little striped snake, which she knew was perfectly harmless, could put such a sensible girl into an agony of terror. Kate had been argued with by her father, and reproved by her mother, and coaxed by her grandmother, but it was all in vain; the moment she saw one of the little, shining things glide across her path she grew fairly pale from fright.

Now John had no sympathy for a fear which was so wholly unreasonable, and his love of teasing tempted him to lead Kate into the very spot in the woods which he thought most "snaky," and to laugh and run from her when she began to be afraid. "It's all put on," he used to say to himself, when his conscience gave him a little warning prick. "She knows that snake won't bite her; she needn't be such a goose; she ought to get used to it as boys do." So by way of making her accustomed to it, he would bring home now and then a little snake and put it on her flower-bed, or under the porch. He had a plan for concealing one in her workbasket, but he knew his father would have a word to say to such an experiment, if it came to his knowledge; besides, Kate was not so devoted to sewing as to insure her discovering anything which lay hidden among her epaulettes and needles.

One day, however, he had what he considered a very bright idea. He made a secret pilgrimage to Kate's room, and came down to await the scream which he momentarily expected. Kate had not yet returned from school, but she presently came in, flushed and nervous from an exciting and busy day. She ran directly up to her own room, and slammed the door behind her. When she glanced back she saw a little green snake tied in a loose knot around her door-knob, wriggling to get free. There was no other entrance to the room, and the door was shut fast. Kate had but one agonizing thought, that the snake would be on the floor in a moment, and, in a paroxysm of fear, she rushed to the window. Her senses seemed to forsake her, and, in her frantic terror, she would have jumped to the yard twenty feet below; but, fortunately, the window was closed and her trembling hands could not open it quickly. One moment more and she would have been lying maimed or lifeless on the flag-stones below; but, just as the terrified child succeeded in pushing up the sash, her uncle, who had heard her first shriek of horror, opened the door. Kate was not one of the fainting kind, but she was white and trembling when her uncle drew her from the room. That night she was restlessly tossing from side to

side in a high fever. "Tired out at school," said the old doctor, who never favored hard study for growing girls. "But the immediate cause must have been something else," he added, as he listened to her incoherent talk, "some sudden shock; a strong, healthy girl like Kate is not inclined to brain trouble."

John heard, and blushed for shame. His father said nothing, but he gave the boy a look which he never forgot. Kate's good constitution soon came to the aid of the nurse and doctor, and before many weeks she was almost herself again. On the first day when she was able to come down to dinner, John's father called the boy aside for a little talk.

"You have had a good lesson, my son," he said, when he had spoken a few serious words on the habit of teasing. "I hope it may be sufficient. And now I want to tell you a true story of some acquaintances of mine in India. Mr. Chester was a vigorous man, who had lived a rough life from his boyhood. His wife was a poor, nervous girl, who had been petted and shielded all her life. Mr. Chester loved her and meant to be kind, but he honestly thought it was his duty not to yield to her little whims, but to try and make her as self-reliant and fearless as himself. Like many other people, he thought nervous fears were all imaginary, and that her foolish foibles ought to give way to his superior strength and judgment."

"One day one of the servants brought in a cobra which had been killed in the compound. Mrs. Chester had a horror of snakes of all kinds, and the venomous cobra had been a terror to her ever since she had set foot in India. Her husband brought the dead snake into the room to show it to her, and, although she had known all the circumstances of its being killed, she shrank away from the sight of it with a scream of terror. Her husband thought this very silly and childish, as it certainly was, but poor Mrs. Chester only begged him to take the snake away. He was naturally a very arbitrary man, and, vexed by her foolishness, told her plainly that she must control herself, and that if she would sit down calmly close by the dead snake she would soon overcome her fears. At last, he ended his argument by locking the door and leaving her in the room alone with it. He went to a distant part of the house, assured that he was really very kind to take so much pains to cure his wife of her nervousness. How little he imagined the result! Cobras usually go in pairs, and the mate of the one which had been killed was in the compound near the house. The light lace curtain had blown from the window and rested on the ground just outside, forming an easy entrance for the horrible snake. When Mr. Chester returned to the room his wife lay lifeless on the floor, while the dead and the living cobra were coiled together beside her."

When John's father had finished his story he went to the book-case, and, taking down an old-fashioned, leather-covered book, he turned over the leaves for some time without speaking. When he had found what he was looking for he brought the book to John and said: "Here are six lines of poetry which I wish you to learn by heart before you leave the room. Hannah More wrote them more than fifty years ago, and I think they will help you to look at your habit of teasing in its true light."

John took the book and read:  
"Since trifles make the sum of human things  
And half our misery from our foolish  
strains:  
Since life's best gifts consist of peace and ease,  
And joy may save or serve, but all may  
cease,  
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from  
hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offense."  
—Susan Anna Brown, in Congregationalist.

### MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

#### Lessons to Be Learned from the Flight of Migratory Birds.

Not long ago large numbers of British migratory birds (dead) were found floating in the sea off the Eddystone Lighthouse. It is probable that during their night journey from the Devonshire shores a fog overtook them, and that the bright light from the lantern of the lighthouse attracted them and so stupefied them that they dashed themselves against the thick glass and were killed in large numbers. The fishermen who trawl for turbot, soles, skate, etc., on the Vame Ridge Banks, between Dover and Calais, not infrequently hear the sound of flocks of migratory birds flying overhead. The speed at which birds can go when on their migratory flight has been noticed. Quails are said to accomplish one hundred and fifty miles in a night, and indigestible African seeds and plants have been found in the crops of these birds when they reach the French coast.

It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well-known by the bird-catcher that when the larks and other northern birds appear snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flight of storks and cranes passing over the fated battalions subsequent events in the politics of Europe might have been different. The storks and cranes knew of the coming of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south, Napoleon and his army toward the north. —Chicago Interior.

### A Bright New Yorker.

"Do you think Sam Peters is a smart man?" asked one New York gentleman of another.  
"No, I don't, and I'll tell you why. I think he is not very bright. I called at his rooms, and on going away I said to him: 'It is so dark in your hall that you can't see your hand before your face. A man might break his neck in the dark.' What do you suppose he replied?"  
"He replied 'there is no danger of that. I've put up a sign in the hall warning people to be careful.'"  
—N. Y. Times.

## A TRADE SECRET.

### An Undertaker Tells Why His Business Is Better in Winter Than in Summer.

When asked by a reporter whether he had any funerals on hand, an Oliver street undertaker answered in the negative, adding that he expected to have some very good ones very soon.

"What makes you so confident?" queried the reporter.

"Why," quoth the undertaker, "the rich men die in winter and poor men in summer. As winter is coming on it follows naturally that we will have the remains of people belonging to rich families to bury. When I say that the rich die in winter and the poor in summer, I am prepared to give my reasons for that assertion. In the summer time rich men as a rule take it easy. They keep in the shade and spend their time at summer resorts, where they get plenty of fresh air. Poor people, on the other hand, remain at home. They work in the sun, live in basements and hot rooms, and enervate themselves until they take sick and die. It is a well known fact that poor people as a rule have more children than rich people, and it is also a well-known fact that the mortality among children is greater during the summer months than at any other season of the year. Men who work on high walls, as brick masons, men who clean the streets, and teamsters, as well as others who are exposed to the hot rays of a midsummer sun, are poor men, as a rule, who are compelled to work the year round for their daily bread. Rich men die in winter because they are subject to dangers they take no precautions to avoid. Poor men suffer from exposure, yet their very hardships fit them for the sudden changes of the weather, which are almost constantly occurring. Rich people, wearing furs and heavy overcoats, crowd into overheated and badly ventilated theaters. When they come out they catch their death of cold. Rich people indulge in greater excesses in winter than in summer. They attend more balls and wine parties and lose more sleep in cold than in warm weather. There are many other reasons for the fact stated to you, but it is hardly worth while to enumerate them here. Suffice it to say that the undertakers have nearly all of their best paying funerals during the winter months."

—St. Louis Republic.

## ANNEXATION.

### Dates and Costs of the Additions Made to the United States.

The first annexation to the United States was the Province of Louisiana. France received fifteen million dollars from our Government for it. The articles of conveyance were signed at Paris, April 30, 1803, by Livingston and Monroe on the part of the United States and by Barbe Marbois on the part of France. By this purchase 1,171,931 square miles were added to the area of the Union, nearly all of the Mississippi Valley. The next addition was Florida, ceded by Spain to the United States in return for the payment by the latter country of claims of American citizens against Spain amounting to five million dollars. The limits of Florida at the time of purchase were the same as now. Texas was annexed without the formality of a treaty in 1845. It added 876,133 square miles to the Union. New Mexico and Upper California were acquired as a part of the results of the Mexican war, although Mexico was appeased for the loss by the sum of fifteen million dollars, and Texas was afterward paid ten million dollars for that part of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande. The area of the Republic was thus increased 545,793 square miles. By the Gadsden treaty of 1853 the United States acquired from Mexico, for the sum of ten million dollars, the possession of the Mojave Valley, comprising the southern part of Arizona, an area of 45,335 square miles. By the treaty of March 30, 1867, Russia ceded the whole of Alaska, 587,390 square miles, to the United States, receiving therefor the sum of seven million and three hundred thousand dollars. The total number of square miles of territory acquired by these annexations was 2,772,040, more than three-quarters of the total area of the Union. —Round Table.

New York is to have a new style of omnibuses, after the Paris pattern, with seats outside for passengers. —N. Y. Herald.

No opiates or poison.  
Only twenty-five cents.  
Red Star Cough Cure.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY—"Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of opiate acid, what would you administer?" Jones (who is preparing for the pupil, and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory).—"I would administer the sacrament." —N. Y. Sun.

FOOLISH with dynamite is getting to be nearly as dangerous as trying to thrash an editor. —Norristown Herald.

TO CLEAR A HOUSE OF RATS, fill the holes with red pepper and then stand in the cellar for a week and play a base-drum. —Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

ONE for the landlady: Fog—"This paper says that potatoes should be washed before they are boiled for hogs." Lady (abstractedly).—"Yes, I always wash them before I put them on to boil." —Boston Transcript.

THE Critic reporter intending to puff musical characters, wrote that their parts were all too short. The printer put an "r" for an "r" in "parts."

THE Chinese name for the "Old Scratch" is It Ching. This is remarkable. —Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.

"You've no gauze to shut me out" as the mosquito said to the widow. —Stockton Mercury.

JONES (at the cinema).—"Hello, Smith, you here?" Smith.—"Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy." Jones.—"Where is the boy?" Smith.—"He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come." —N. Y. Independent.

FATHER—What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling? Clara—The one you chased away over the fence last night, dear papa. —Chicago Tribune.

THE crop of corn on the cob is immense. The crop on the hoof is also painfully large. —Chicago Current.

"RESCUE SCOUTS," advertises a clothing dealer. It may suit the parents, but we violate no confidence in saying that vacation suits the average small boy better. —Borerville Journal.

## A PERSONAL CARD.

### A Matter in Which the Public Should Have a Deal of Interest.

Why does the Government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeit?

"Suppose he does counterfeit Government bonds and notes, surely the Government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer?"

But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited: it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue; by preying on the honest and the virtuous. This is the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York State gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have been pronounced before, incurably sick of an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation called Red Star, for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whom doctors without number and of conceded ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, absolutely and irrevocably, he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous became the demand for this remedy and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring and filled with the most approved chemical and manufacturing devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary success, and such a large profit on the investment, as this. Unprincipled parties who flourish upon the ruin of others, saw in this reputation and sale an opportunity to reap a golden harvest, not legitimately, not honorably, for which purpose they have made imitations and substitutions of it in every section of the country, and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compromise their integrity by forcing a sale upon the unsuspecting customer.

Yes, undoubtedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud so far as the effect upon themselves is concerned, for their remedies have a constant and unerring sale, but they feel it to be their duty to warn the public against such imitations and substitutions, non-secrecy and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale also suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class of knaves who know the formula of this remedy and one Sunday-school journal, we are told, has prostituted its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all new subscribers a copy of the Warner formula. This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not issued which pretends to give the only correct formula.

The manufacturers inform us that they would be perfectly willing that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cure is, (none that have been published are anything like it), but they feel it to be their duty to warn the public against such imitations and substitutions, non-secrecy and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale also suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, can not be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer virtue to vice, gold to dross, physical happiness to physical misery, shun the imitator and refuse thereby to furnish him a sale. Do not be deceived by the results that are wrought by this remedy if one does not have the perfect skill acquired only by years of practice for compounding and assimilating the simple elements which enter into its composition. The learned Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he recognized that the elements that composed it were simple but he attributed the secret of its power to the method of its compounding, and this method no one knows except the manufacturers and no one can acquire it.

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We have the highest respect for the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regard for the manufacturers, and we can not too highly commend their integrity and confidence in relation to those who would traduce their fair name and ruin the best interest of the public in such matters.

PROBABLY the shakiness of the "limbs of the law" accounts for the law's delay. —Buffalo Express.

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT, Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer a rich and colorful Electro-Voltaic Belt and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

ORDINARY mortals try to throw off bad impressions; printers don't. —N. Y. Journal.

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure," is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such woe: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

It is the man who can't raise the wind who does the most blowing. —Merchant Traveler.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. GERMANY'S REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

The right men to make bank cashiers of: Those who have lost both legs in battle. —Toledo Blade.

PATTERNS of your own selection, and of any size, given with every number of Demorest's Monthly. See Advertisement.

A desirable bargain in silks—pretty girl with a million. —Lovell Citizen.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

A procession of old maids and bachelors always marches in single file.

AN open question—Are you going to let me in? —Boston Courier.

A MAX isn't of necessity bald-headed because he has no hair. —Watrous Observer.

## An Important Arrest.

The arrest of a suspicious character upon his general appearance, movement or companionship, without waiting until he has robbed a traveler, dined a house, or murdered a fellow-man, is an important function of a shrewd detective. Even more important is the arrest of a disease which, if not checked, will blight and destroy a human life. The frequent cough, loss of appetite, general languor or debility, pallid skin and bodily aches and pains, announce the approach of pulmonary consumption, which is promptly arrested and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

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Weak lungs, spitting or blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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**COUGH CURE**  
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In every land is subject to  
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Taylor's Cherry Candy of Sweet Gum and Mullin.  
The Sweet Gum from a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a tea made from the Mullin root of the same kind. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.  
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**M. W. DUNHAM**  
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**HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE**  
Percheron Horses valued at \$2,500,000.  
**70 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES**  
Whose purity of blood is established by pedigrees recorded in the Percheron Stud Book of France, the only Stud Book ever published in that country.

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STOCK ON HAND:  
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Two years old and younger.  
Recognizing the principle accepted by all intelligent breeders that the best blood ever well bred animals may be secured, they should be valued only at their pedigree and not at their price. Taylor's Cherry Candy of Sweet Gum and Mullin, with the annual old pedigree, verified by the original French certificate of its number and record in the Percheron Stud Book of France, is the only true and tested Catalogue sent from France, Ill., in 35 miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago & North-Western Ry.

**CONTAGIOUS!**  
I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an outdoor patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound as a bell, and I ever was a life. —L. FRED HALFORD.  
New York City, June 12, 1893.  
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
"The Evergreen" Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.  
N. Y., 127 W. 2nd Street.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
When applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectively cleansing the head of catarrh, sinus, causing healthy secretions. It also relieves inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely breaks the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.  
**NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.**  
A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment cures.  
A particle is applied into each nostril: is agreeable to all ages. Price 25 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for Circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Cures Liver and Kidney Diseases and all troubles of the Urinary Organs. Package, 25c.—three weeks' treatment. Of Druggists, or by mail.  
**WILLIAM H. ELY & CO., Fairfield, Iowa.**  
Meyer Bros. Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Kansas City, Mo.

**ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.**  
Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold. We tried several medicines, none of which did her any good, but she continued to get worse. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend recommended **DR. ELY'S CREAM BALM**. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

**CONSUMPTION**  
I have a positive remedy for the above disease, to be used in cases of the worst kind and of long standing. That I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give name and address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 East 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

**CALIFORNIA KIDNEY TEA**  
Cures Liver and Kidney Diseases and all troubles of the Urinary Organs. Package, 25c.—three weeks' treatment. Of Druggists, or by mail.  
**WILLIAM H. ELY & CO., Fairfield, Iowa.**  
Meyer Bros. Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Kansas City, Mo.

**All Sorts of**  
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion, Mustang Liniment.

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